



CODE

Being the Christmas
Number of the
WAR CRY.

Toronto, December 20th
1919

CHRIST CALLS ALL

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

I came to Jesus as I was.
I found in Him a Saviour, and I
found in Him a resting-place.
And He has made me glad.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Bob McCarty, the son of a couple who settled on the prairie island many years ago, was converted to Christianity in the fire at Nanton, into which town the recent chapters of our story have shown him to go. Now, as a member of the Army of Christ, he is a strict man, and, having got out to obey, he shuns the company of the world. He has had a series of attacks upon his faith made by the world, but, though it has shaken his health, discouraged him, and instead of coddling in these who could have helped him, and, above all, his wife, he has gone forward, he gave up and started for the Canadian West, and, though he had no ticket and all his money, and was put off the train at the first small wayside to the waterworks construction. The boom of the "Return, O Wanderer, Return" was the first sound he heard. When a discussion of the Army arose in the gang one lunch-time, Bob, who had been a member of the church, but while he hesitated another man rose. "I am a Christian through and through," he said, "but I thought it was time to have a word."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARMY'S CHAMPION

"I DON'T know much about them," went on the speaker who had so strikingly introduced himself, "but what I do know is that it is good to my mind, is something in their favour. Mind you, I don't have to give you this page out of my book, but I feel I should like to let you concern that stood by me in my trouble."

The men, scinting something of more than ordinary interest, gathered closer to the speaker and waited expectantly for him to proceed.

The man's address betrayed breeding, and although he had originally used slang in the recital of his story, he was very apparent from his general language that he was of an entirely different class to his listeners. This fact they seemed to realize, and, as they listened, admiration gave him, acknowledged his superiority.

CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE

"I might say first that I was such a 'beauty' at home in the Old Country, and had such a strong liking for 'the glitz that others,' that my friends, including the police, used to call me 'the bad boy' when I was a bit of a kid—thought that a change of air and scene would be beneficial; in my particular case, Canada was selected as the land of my adoption.

"I well remember the day of my departure; I had limbs, freckles, and was in torso a condition that I did not dare to summon up enough courage to accompany his son and heir to the landing stage. An old college chum stood by me, however, and, as I had a good record in the vessel, I had a fairly good 'wad' when I started, for Dad had been liberal, but, during those sixteen wild days on the ocean, I was cast adrift, and, with clasped hands, and I landed in Montreal more than 'three sheets in the wind' and practically dead to you."

"Some of the lower town cronies soon hitched on, doctored me, and 'skinned' me clean. In less than three days I was a proper 'bum,' with hardly a stitch my



back. It was late in the Fall and the weather bad. The third night after my landing, in what seemed to me a most desolate little city, I lay down to sleep, rather lay huddled up in a doorway of an empty house. Rain was falling, and the few people in the streets hurried by, scarcely finding a refuge from the wind and weather."

"My condition was bad, and I lay, shivering at the charge of an attack of D.T.'s. The first of you who know the feelings, I was already beginning to 'age' things at intervals. One of these



"The man gathered closer to the speaker and waited expectantly."

"Things—My I can see it yet!—made as if to grab me, and I must have yelled out in my terror, for some one who happened to pass by at the moment stopped and pointed into the doorway. By the light of the miserable street lamp which flared some distance away, I discerned the figure of a man attired in uniform. My heart leapt that he must be a policeman, but, as he advanced, I said to myself, regarding myself, I felt sure I must be mistaken, for no 'limb of the law' was in the habit of addressing a poor drunk, in such a manner. 'Well,' I said, 'what is the matter? What are you doing here on such a night as this?'

WITHOUT PARATROGE

"It was the genuine ring about the question which touched me. There was sympathy without patronage, and even in my debauched state I could see that this fellow was sincere.

"You had better come home with me," he said, and, bending down laid his hand on my shoulder. 'Come, get up! I am on my way, and we started home rather unsteadily.

"As we passed under the first lamp I looked up to catch a glimpse of my 'good saviour,' but, to my surprise, it was his cap 'The Salvation Army.' That was my first experience of being right up close to the concern, but somehow I felt I was safe."

"We proceeded through the rain along some of the worst thoroughfares in the city, and arrived at what the Salvationist had called 'Home.' This was a place which was at one time owned by him, and was a rendezvous for the very worst characters, the Army having taken hold of it, and it is now a Ladysmith, principally patronized by seafarers at sea."

"The place was rough enough, and there was a tough-looking crowd seated in the general room. As we entered such cries as

feeling homesick. This caused a jump to rise in Bob's throat, but he restrained his feelings with an effort, and stated that he was not feeling very well.

"I am not you, and it is a bit rough up at the bushwhacks, eh? but you are welcome to stay at my place. We're just common people, you know, but, believe me, Bob found a corner, and told him that he would be more than too pleased to change boarding-houses."

"Get your bag and come along to-night.

She's a Salvationist, and practically exists for the good she can do, although I do say it myself."

The speaker found Bob comfortably settled at the Brown's, and the change was certainly a welcome one, after the varied happenings, disturbing and otherwise, of the past few days.

The speaker's home-life at the place was deeply appreciated by him. After supper he settled himself down to writing home for the money to defray the cost of his training, but he found it no "easy task." It was difficult for him to commit to writing just what he wanted to say. After, however, destroying what he had written, time and time again, he at length got the communication out, what he thought fairly good shape. Then he addressed it to his father and read the words over, which had scarcely done so, when he felt himself to be too weak to put out of the house. He dropped the letter in a nearby post box, while his unshaven face, cast in a fit of deep despondency to some upon him.

MUST GO STRAIGHT ON

What would they think after pinning their faith to him? After many of the soldiers and friends assisting with the cost of his training, he was not only returning, but found it necessary to him to write home for funds. He wished he had not posted the letter. Then again, the thought of "Home" and writing to lie in it! came to his mind. The very thought of it caused him to shrink. Yet, he thought, there was but one way now, and that was to go straight on.

Mr. Brown, though a fairly good living man, was far from being religious, nevertheless he raised no objections to his wife being a Christian. "I am not a religious man," he said, "but I have always believed that she believed that she had 'enough religion for the two of them.' There was nothing to be said against her, and, again, he felt led to confide in her, but never summoned up courage to do so.

It was only on special occasions that Mrs. Brown could get her husband to attend an Army meeting. This being the case, one can imagine her surprise when she heard him suggest to Bob after supper one evening that they should go down and see what was going on at the Army.

Bob was on the point of making an excuse, but did not. The meeting was not a success, but Bob was not there. There was a fine attendance, but they assured seats without any great difficulty.

The Captain was leading.

"Poor Bob," he said, with a smile, "he remarks, 'thou hast driven Jesus from thy heart and home.' Bob shook visibly, which caused his companion to enquire whether he was not a Christian. Bob replied in the negative. As the meeting

(Continued on page 22)

MADE AN IMPRESSION



"That men fed me!"

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun
And in that Light of His I walk,
Unfeared, for He is near.



[From a recent photo by Hester, Clapton, Eng.]

Mrs. General Booth,
British Commissioner

Mrs. Booth, it will be known, is not only an ardent champion of woman's right to active service in the cause of God and the people, but has been one of the great leaders of her sex in the salvation of the world. She has been a leader in the Salvation Army. In 1884 she was placed in charge of the Women's Social Work, which position

she retained until the death of the Army's Founder in 1912. Early in the present year she gave a strong proof of the practical nature of her view of woman's position in the salvation of the world, by assuming, at the direction of the General, the responsible and onerous position of British Commissioner.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

In distant shades, if Thou appear,
My spirit is at rest;
There is no brighter Morning Star,
And Thou art Risen Son.



Our Fresh - Air Camp on :: :: Lake Simcoe ::

(1) Main Buildings from the Lake Shore Road; (2) "Hurrash!" Four parties of mothers and children similar to this were each given a two-weeks' stay at the Camp; (3) Shady woods and sunny beaches make the district delightful; (4) Under the cedar—a corner of "The Grove."

"War Cry" Photos
the Camp "cathedral!" These pictures will give friends who contribute to the Fresh-Air Fund some idea of the healthful holiday their donations provide, through the agency of the Salvation Army, for needy city children when the sweltering heat of summer is here.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred light,
For Jesus shines His glory near,
And whispers "I am He."

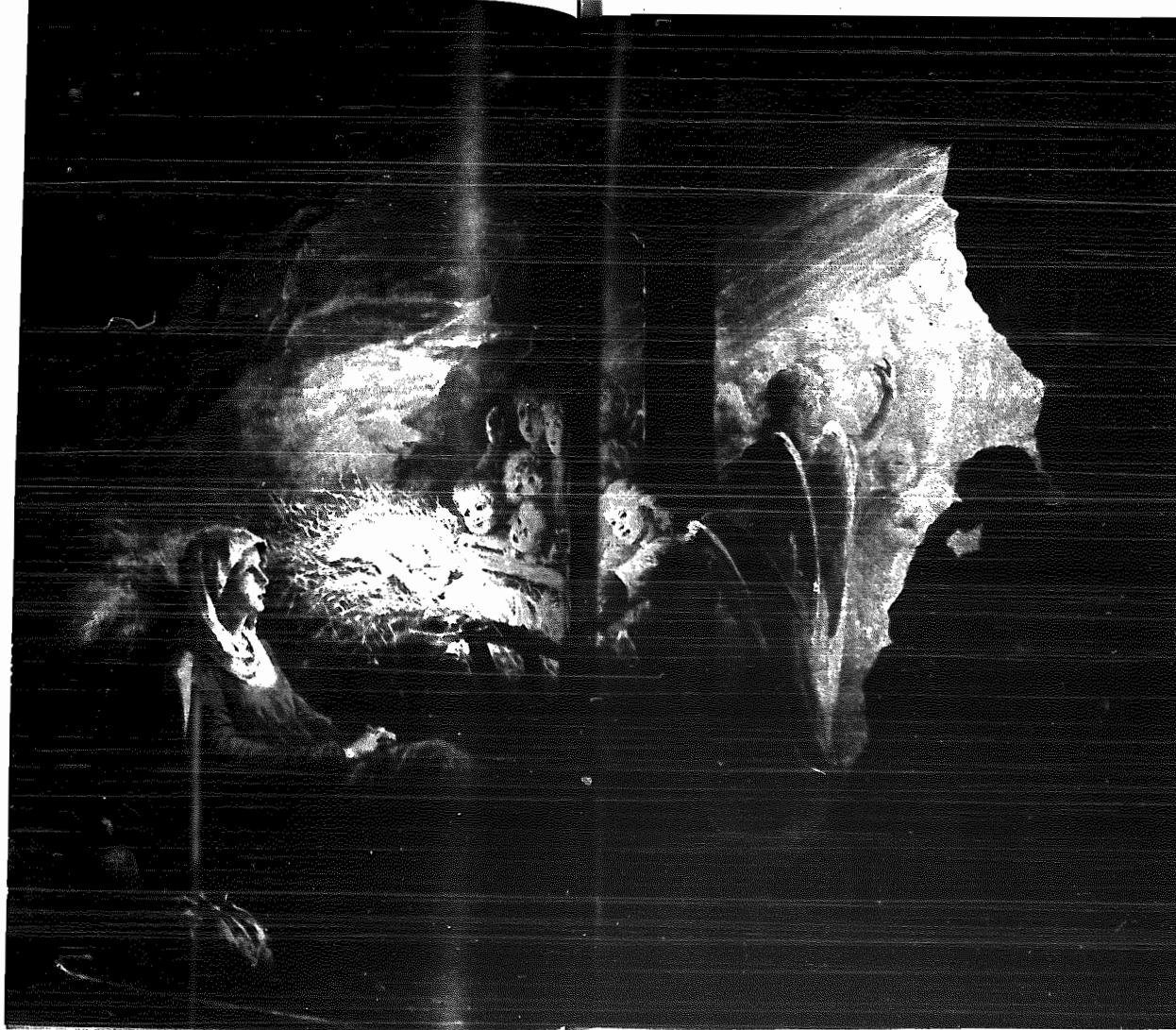


(Photo by Wester, London, Eng.)

The Chief of the Staff :: ::

Commissioner Edward J. Higgins has not only himself attained a position of high rank and great usefulness in the Salvation Army, but is the son of a Commissioner, whose memory is greatly revered. His own Officership dates back to 1882. His service abroad—he was at one time Chief Secretary for the United States

Territory—as well as his extensive travels, his association with the Foreign Office, and his long experience in various branches of Salvation Army warfare, have added to his natural ability a fine equipment for his present position, to which he was called by the General in the Spring of the present year.



AROUND the throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven;
A holy, happy band.

The Ministration of the Children

This beautiful picture shows the ~~throne~~ of the Infant Jesus thronged with child-angels. If ministered to the Saviour in His agony in Gethsemane as the pictures declare, can we not well imagine with the aid of the bodyguard of His earliest hours would be made up of angels who had been taken home to Heaven before their spiritual natures were sullied by the

world? Anyway, the children were very near to His heart in the days of His ministry, and if this picture helps us to feel more of the tenderness towards the little ones that He so earnestly strove to inculcate, it will have served a worthy purpose. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," he said, "and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

[Copyright]

IN FLOWING robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs are laid to rest
All our trouble He bears and carries
Everything to God to pray

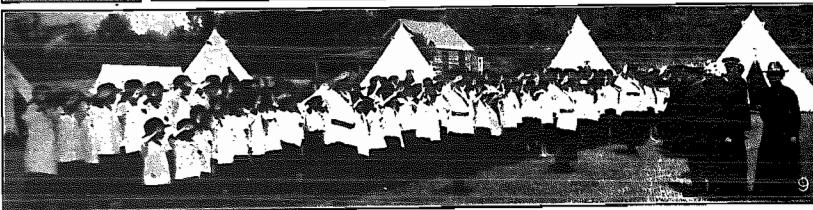
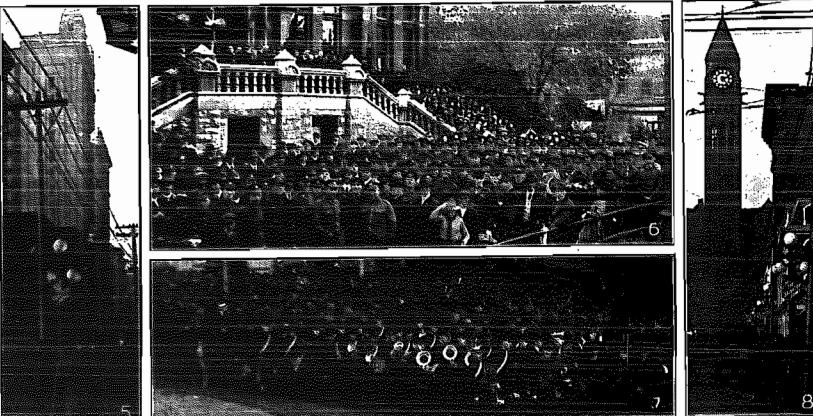
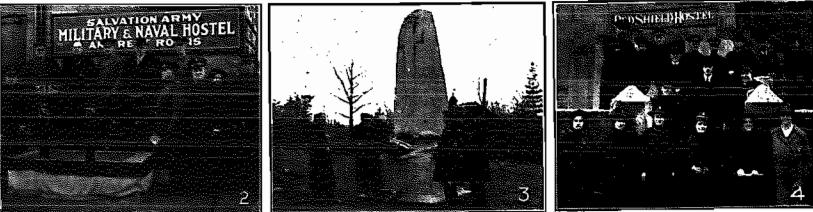


Can 'oo Mend
My Dollie ?

[Copyright, S. Lumsden & Co., London, Eng.
giltie, but too often we who ought to know better take our
broken hearts and lives for repair where they will only be rent
and torn afresh. There is only One who can do good to a
stricken soul. To all who need His help He says, "Come!"]

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer



Some of the Year's Events Recalled

(1) Toronto Training College Division Home League Picnic presided over by Mrs. Commissioner Richards; (2) Opening of Vancouver Hostel; (3) Commissioner Howard laying a memorial wreath on the "Empress" Monument, Mount Pleasant; (4) At Opening of Halifax Hostel; (5 and 6) Reminders of the way in which the Salvation Army Red Shield Cam-

aign held the heart of Toronto; (6) Launching of Winnipeg Drive on the City Hall steps; (7) Welcome Home to Returning Soldiers at North Toronto Station, one of the many occasions in which Salvation Army Bands have joined in giving hearty greeting to heroes from overseas; (8) Life-Saving Guards salute Commissioner Richards at Jackson's Point Camp.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Come, follow to the Gospel feast,
Ye need not be far sought,
For God hath hidden all mankind.



The Cradle Roll— Our Coming Army

On this page there are between four and five hundred portraits of sturdy, bright youngsters who are representatives of thousands of others whose names are on the Cradle Rolls of our Young People's Corps throughout Canada.

The organization of the Salvation Army Junior Work provides for the Young People from the Cradle Roll till they pass into the Senior Corps,

and workers are everywhere wanted to put it into full effect. Are you doing your part?

Inset are portraits of Mrs. Commander Richards and Mrs. Daniel Rimmer, whose parents, Adjutant and Mrs. Daniel Rimmer, have been for a long time in Canada from South America, and Mrs. Brigadier Green, part of whose duty it is to take special interest in the Cradle Roll.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Say by my Lord on you I call,
Unto all the world I come, since thou I
All things in Canada are ready now.

RISEN FROM THE RANKS ::

OMEONE has said, "The secret of success is constancy of purpose." In the career of Colonel W. J. B. Turner, Canada West's Chief Secretary, we have an example of this. Even since his entry into the ranks to the rank of full Colonel, in August of last year, we have been endeavouring to secure up-to-date photos of the Colonel and Mrs. Turner, and some particulars of their career for "The War Cry." The time has now passed to do this, and we include these in our Christmas Number.

The longer one is associated with the Colonel (writes H. G. C.) the more impressed one becomes with the regular, remarkable manner in which he has applied himself to his day duty in the various offices which, by virtue of his position, devolve upon him. In this connection one is reminded of a tribute paid him by Commissioner Richards, some years ago: "The Colonel," he said, "is a生人 (a shrewd observer). The traits of his character, combined with the grace of God, is no doubt the key to his success as a Salvation Army Officer.

PRACTICALLY A CANADIAN

When only two years old Colonel Turner was brought to Canada by his parents. Thus he is practically a Canadian, and he has, in every sense of the term, "risen from the ranks" to his present responsible position as second in command of the Army's Forces in Canada.

When a lad, his parents resided in the suburbs of Toronto, where he was brought up, receiving his education at the Todmorden and Victoria Schools. Young W. J. B. was the only child in his studies, but after the death of his mother, which occurred when he was about fourteen years of age, his hardworking nature asserted itself, and he wanted to leave home to make his boyhood a success. He sold his only possession, his boyhood, and took up land where they eventually settled. The bread-winner between him and his father, and Will even-



Lieutenant Turner—1895



Adjutant and Mrs. Turner—1895

tually went to live with an aunt who resided in Toronto. This aunt had great ambitions for her nephew, for she was set on his becoming either a clergyman or a doctor. However, he had other ambitions. During the four years previous to his appointment as Territorial Secretary, to the then newly-formed Territory of Canada West, duties of very diversified nature, to the Colonies, Canada, etc. He was successively Secretary, then the duties of Property Secretary were added to his responsibilities, after which he was appointed Property and Immigration Secretary. These positions provided a wide range of opportunity, and knowledge and experience, of which the Colonel took full advantage.

In 1917 he was appointed Chief Secretary, which was followed, as already intimated, in August, 1918, by his promotion to full Colonel.



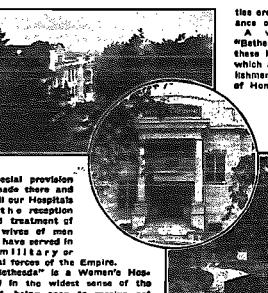
Colonel and Mrs. Turner—1919

.. Hospitals for Women ..

THERE are few women who have not at some period, when suffer from illness by the way of operation have been taken ill, or other circumstances. Have made it desirable that they should go where skilled hands can be obtained, forced for a place that combined the best characteristics of home and hospital. It is to meet this need that the British and Canadian Forces, within the reach of all that the Salvation Army has developed, and is still further developing, Maternity Hospital, now being added to the administration of those already mentioned and by erecting new where circumstances demand it.

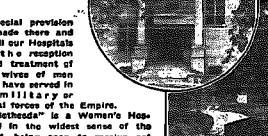
During the year the fine building at Lethbridge, which has been added to the existing institutions there, was placed in full commission under the name of Bethesda Hospital.

Inset are portraits of the Forest City, "Bethesda" and some other of the hospitals which are now in operation which are provided by the establishment in the adjoining grounds of Homes for Children. It very often happens that one of a number of great anxieties is what is to be done with her family during the time that she is



provided for the performance of operations.

A very special feature of "Bethesda" and some other of the hospitals is the "nursing home" which are provided by the establishment in the adjoining grounds of Homes for Children. It very often happens that one of a number of great anxieties is what is to be done with her family during the time that she is



Views of the front of the Salvation Army Hospital for Women, Lethbridge, Ontario

laid aside. Not only is the worry this entails prejudicial, but too frequently, natural maternal solicitude leads to a much too early return to active participation in household duties, with the result that bring life-long suffering. When the mother is in hospital, the children can be cared for in these Homes, where they may lie the time comes for them to return with mother, well and strong, to her own dwelling.

Prominent among the institutions already mentioned is the Grace Hospital, of which Winnipeg is justifiably proud. Large and important extensions have recently been put on.

At Halifax, during the Congress recently conducted by Commissioner Richards, the foundation stone was laid of a Women's Hospital, which, when completed, will be the largest the Army has. Windsor (Ont.) and North Sydney are other locations where Hospitals are to be established, that at Windsor will probably be opened before these words are in print.

Another service in the Women's Hospitals established by the Salvation Army in the various cities of the Dominion are invalids. The address of the Secretary, Mrs. Emily's Bazaar, 80 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., or in the case of Canada West, 230 Confederation Life Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee, With gladness fills my heart, But better far Thy grace to me, Than life or death.



Good Evidence of Progress in China

(1) Peking North Corps, opened in April, 1918. There are now over thirty Corps in operation. (2) Cadets of the second Session of the Officers' Training College in Peking at a lecture. The speaker is Mrs. Adjutant Pennick, the wife of the Principal. In these pictures is proof that

the devotion of man and money to the Salvation of China, in which these Territories have taken a good share, is bearing good fruit. Salvationists and friends who unite in the annual Self-Oenthal Week will find in them much cause for gratification.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Oh! Sons of every contrite heart! Come to Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give to you rest.

The Save World Army in Northern China :

EARLY one Friday morning Lieutenant Bern and I board the train at the Peking Hsi Chin Men (West Gate) and, after a short stop at the station, we are a seat in one of the third-class coaches—a vehicle somewhat inferior in comfort to our Canadian colonist cars. The car is crowded to suffocation, but by dint of a little pushing and shoving, and pushing and shoving, we find a little space for ourselves and bags, and get settled for the long journey before us.

Lieutenant Bern (whose ancestors are as Icelandic as our own) is of Norwegian parentage, and speaks Norwegian, Swedish, Northern Chinese, and English with equal fluency. To see the look of amazement on the faces of the Chinese when they hear a foreigner who can talk their language is a sight that is sure to amuse them. It isn't long, therefore, before hallo-ho-ho is started between us, and they have their hallo-ho-ho, and address, destination, position, and a great deal of other talk. They are very interested in the name and information regarding themselves. What talkers they are, and what a terrific bump of curiosity they all seem to possess! They are a jolly, happy crowd, the most child-like in their interest in everything and everyone.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAY

The railway on which we are travelling is the only one in China entirely built, owned, and controlled by the Chinese Government, and it is a credit to them. The rock cutting, bridges, culverts, tunnelling, ballasting, etc., was all done by Chinese labor. The work is done up well. In fact, while sitting in the diner having a bit of lunch, and viewing the mountain scenery, it was hard to realize I was in China and not on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Chinese Government's interest in the construction of this railway, especially to a Financial Department representative, is in the fact that, being Government owned, it will accept at full value Bank of China notes owned by the Chinese Government, and will accept 100 per cent. of their face value, and which, of course, we are able to buy at the money exacted at that figure.

At 3:30 in the afternoon we arrive at Tientsin, the Indo-Chinese railway station, and get passes for Mongolian traffic. The Army opened fire here about nine months ago, and while progress is necessarily slow, some good construction has been secured, and one can see a certain interest of friendliness towards us on the part of both the officials and people.

My first business is to inspect a property that had been offered to us, which would be suitable for a station. We are to have a station, and have a good

view of the Flap, drum, and tambourine attracts the crowd, and we are followed to our stand by a taunting, jeering mass of people, big and small, many of whom are children, who are evidently the result of a mass meeting of the nature of a mass meeting, for immediately you stop to look: anything, no matter what, you are surrounded by a crowd of course, and when the band begins to play, the crowd begins to move, and you are followed by a crowd, and everybody wants to see at once.

The Chinese, however, give you a chance to leave, and when we get to the church, "Will you go?" or, as it is in Chinese, "Chu pu chut?"—"Go not go"—everybody joins in. Somebody else told me in Canton that the Chinese, when they are asked if they are leaving, say, "Yes, we are leaving." The Great Burden-Bearer, and the Salvation Army is certainly doing a great work.

The Chu Shih Cuh tih jin (Salvationists) sing each verse, and the crowd hears it, and then they sing again, and so on. The converts testify,

not simply saying, "Thank God, I am saved!" but singing a straight two or three-minute pitch-in at the crowd.

The Great Burden-Bearer grasps the hand of a convert, and says, "Follow me, I will follow Jesus."

THE CROWD SINGS HEARTILY

We have a rousing meeting indeed, the little Hall being packed, with the inevitable oil and seven soldiers running up at the back. The crowd seems healthy from the lack of any signs of cholera, and the Chinese, for which every corps uses. I talk to them through the Interpreter about the Great Burden-Bearer, and urge them to accept Christ. They listen attentively and with an even more intense interest than the converts. We proceed to do business with the owner of the property previously looked at, and by midnight get on to common ground regarding price.

At 12 o'clock we again board the train for Peking, and we, therefore, get a Peking cart to convey

them and our luggage. A ride in a Peking cart is something to remember.

Chinese, however, are extremely poor, and on roads that

are seldom repaired, the cart, drawn by a sturdy mule, elides, bounces, and rattles its way into town. I sit inside the cart, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The cart is drawn by a mule, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

At 12 o'clock we again board the train for Peking, and we, therefore, get a Peking cart to convey

them and our luggage. A ride in a Peking cart is something to remember.

Chinese, however, are extremely poor, and on roads that

are seldom repaired, the cart, drawn by a sturdy mule, elides, bounces, and rattles its way into town. I sit inside the cart, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The cart is drawn by a mule, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

The driver does and sleeps in the shade of the cart, the passenger, on the other hand, is exposed to the sun, and the Chinese, who are the drivers, sit outside.

</div

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

GOD'S GUIDING HAND

OTHER OF THE PRIZE WINNING STORIES WILL BE PRINTED IN LATER ISSUES

CAPTAIN STELLA MOONBOTHAM was a Canadian girl, the first child born to English parents in the Did Country.

But Captain Stella was religious influences which had much to do with the development of her character than national; she came into being at the time a great Methodist Revival was sweeping through the United States. Her parents, though not themselves Avant-garde, were brought into the experience of conscious Salvation, and became members of the Church. It is not therefore surprising that Captain Stella was always conscious of strong religious influences.

In her earliest days it was the conviction of an that troubled Stella. In the Salvation Army she obtained from Jesus forgiveness of sins; later, it was conviction of sin that condemned her, and in an upper room in a house in the Did Country, Captain Stella received the Blessing of a Clean Heart. And again she was convicted that she ought to dedicate her life to God for soul-saving as a Salvation Army Officer. She offered herself was accepted, and in due time, became a Captain.

GLORIED IN OPPORTUNITIES

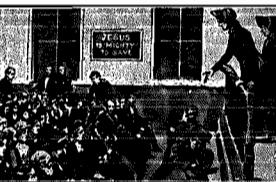
Captain Stella was supremely happy; she gloried in the opportunities Officership in the Salvation Army opened up to her—a platform on which to plead the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, a place in the open-air on which to shout the glad tidings of salvation, a wonderful privilege for a young, young girl. People were converted in her meetings, and recruits took their place as fighters in her ranks. Remembering vividly her own weaknesses, she cherished the newborn souls as a nurse her children.

* * * * *

Among others who came to the Mercy Seat was a young man of perhaps twenty-two years of age. He had been going rather fast on the downward way, but when converted at once became an enthusiastic Salvationist. He was a tall, dark, good-looking fellow, and became an acknowledged leader among the younger element of the Corps. Then, one day, he confided to the Captain that he felt he was called for Officership, and, to make it a reality, he left his home, and, though he had no money, no longer was she regarding him as a young comrade, but that her feelings towards him had become more personal. No longer was she free and unembarrassed in respect to him; she became his dignified, good, and attractive mother, her thoughts occupied her. Fortunately for her, she had always an artless confidence in those older than herself, and in this crisis she opened her heart to an elderly Christian friend of the Did Country.

"My dear," she said, "he is not your equal; socially or educationally, and do not forget his past, though forgiven, has left its scars. I believe the Lord would not have you."

Nevertheless, Stella found it wall-nigh impossible to keep him out of her thoughts; his ardent enthusiasm



"A platform on which to plead the cause of the Lord"

matters were brought to a head by a request from him that the Captain should write to him. She baulked. About that time the Divisional Commander came to the Corps. An interview was sought and the situation was submitted to him. He was good and wise, Captain felt she could trust him.

REAL SACRIFICE

"Do not write to him for one year, Captain," he urged. Very reluctantly she promised. It was a real sacrifice. She did not tell the young Cadet why she did not write, and she suffered more than anyone knew, but when the year had expired she was convinced it was not God's will that she should. Her path had diverged, and other interests absorbed them.

The second time she was tried along the same line, the case was somewhat similar, but with this difference, the young man was exceedingly nice-looking. The Captain knew him well, and had no qualms about her. He looked well, and dressed well, and she had a special fondness for him, particularly in these matters, being somewhat aristocratic in temperament. Yet at the same time she knew he was not a saintly character, and she told herself over and over again, "He may be a babe in Christ, I could never leave on him."

Once he wrote her a little note, and in it blurted out, quite simply, how much, how much, how much, he loved her. She loved her work more heartily than ever before, and was successful in it. She had been promoted to Staff Officer, and was a leader in the Corps. She was very popular, her heart was captivated; she loved him. Oh, yes! there was no doubt of it to her; she loved him, and she knew she loved him.

But—oh! there were tremendous convictions! How could she accept him? She was an Officer, he but a weak and

The Story to which has been awarded the First Prize in "The War Cry" Story Competition. If a God Wife is from the Lord, surely A Good Husband is also

uncertain converts. How can prayed Only God's strength and mercy could help her in a temptation like this, and Captain Stella did not have the strength to stand in the Divisional Commander. Again he urged that she should write to him again, very sadly she agreed. Very soon she reported of having repented and sought an opportunity to see the Divisional Commander and be released.

LIVED TO BLESS THE DAY

But God in His goodness had heard her arrow and come to her help. The young man was gradually attracted to the Corps, having seen an Officer who was selected at the Corps, having seen an Officer who was selected at the Corps, having seen an Officer who was selected at the Corps. Again he urged that she should write to him again, very sadly she agreed. Very soon she reported of having repented and sought an opportunity to see the Divisional Commander and be released.

* * * * *

Mr. Godfrey was a quiet, self respecting friend of Captain, in her view. Captain told him a "War Cry" was to be published in a lumber mill office, but they usually ended in failure. He was not, and Captain was somewhat embarrassed by his slightly unusual success. He had been offered a place, but Godfrey was generous and sympathetic, and said good-bye to the Officers; he was entitling himself to become a doctor.

The Captain cannot remember how the first issue came to her, but she was pleased, and she was a business master, but it required an answer, and as correspondence became regular, though only friendly at first, she became more and more interested. She was recommended and encouraged, and her health improved and became more robust, and she lived two miles away. This gave her opportunity to do some teaching. The corps did her good, and she was soon promoted to Staff Officer, and became stronger as she progressed. Having made the call and received a substantial donation, she passed on farther and called on a poor woman drunkard. Then thinking on the matter, she said to her, "You are not fit to be a mother to your child."

"How! how!" she exclaimed, "I must give up, and cease from this gentleman and our correspondence. The battle was short but fierce. Worldly wisdom tempted her, and she gave in. It was a temptation, surely it is providential!" "We must repent if we refused this good, kind man!"

But conviction triumphed. She was an Officer in the Salvation Army, and she must be an Officer. She must be an Officer as far as the Army was concerned. They must part. Her mind was fully made up by the time she

is to present the claims of the work of the Army to financial support, and in doing this he has many opportunities for not only clearing away misunderstandings and prejudices concerning the Organization, but of introducing spiritual subjects and really getting at the heart of the matter.

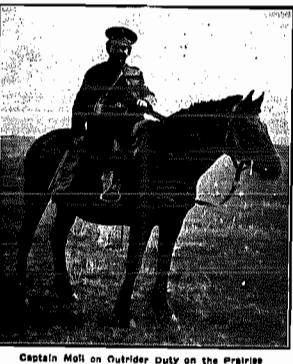
Like all Salvation Army Officers, he was or is an intelligent, utilitarian man. During the "War Cry" epidemic, for instance, he was called upon to act more in more than one case. With a family in which there were father and mother, and two children, who were attacked with the dreaded disease, he spent two weeks and five days without a break.

Recently when he was in a certain town, a man who was staying at an hotel there was found to be dying. The hotelkeeper went to fetch the Officers of the Corps, but they were away. The man died alone. The hotelkeeper at length found Captain Moll. There was nothing to do but to care for the man, and alaid by him when he died, but the Captain did this. He is interesting to note that though the hotelkeeper was a man, he was as anxious about the man's soul, that he did not neglect the Army Officers, but pursued a new pursuit for the rest of his life.

OPENINGS FOR GOOD SERVICE

The Captain is an enthusiast for the kind of work in which he is engaged, and sees in it opportunities for much good service for God and the Kingdom. At the part of the Army he gives up, he is filled with the Holy Ghost, and willing to suffer the derisions of the host of the human race for a good God, and what seems a comfortable home.

all showed much and deep interest in the Word of God. The Captain's work is many-sided. One of his duties



Captain Moll on Outrider Duty on the Prairies

With An Outrider in Alberta

CALLED UPON TO PERFORM VARIED DUTIES HE HAS MANY OPPORTUNITIES FOR HELPFULNESS

FROM time to time reference has been made in our pages to the varied duties which the Outriders are called upon to perform. Captain John Moll, who is attached to the Alberta Division in this capacity, is a good representative of these hardy and resourceful men.

AMONG MANY NATIONALITIES

In reply to inquiries concerning the work of the Captain, the Divisional Chancellor, Major George Smith, writes that he has been engaged in it for five years, summer and winter. At first he used to journey on foot, then on horseback, but nowadays his chief mode of travel is in a two-wheeled gig. He works among various nationalities, including the French, the Norwegian, and French. He is called to speak to all in their native tongue. He carries Testaments in the respective language and has many opportunities for spreading knowledge of the way of Salvation, he goes from farm to farm, or may be able to arrange a little gathering in some distant schoolhouse. At one such meeting recently there were people of three nationalities present, but

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Come, ye weary, loaden, drooping, and fainting for the fall; If you carry I'll run to you, I'll bring you back to life. You will never come at all.

many in such positions must of necessity suffer, and which, too often, is the sole cause of mistake in the choice of a companion—not only in the Salvation Army, but on other fields. Let those who have the responsibility of directing young people beware of this, and strive to meet their problems and assist them in all difficulties and kindred.

By this time Captain was her own adviser; she had become old enough to consult no one but God. Moreover, life was on the up-grade, and she was accepted in the Divisional Commander. Again he urged that she should write to him again, very sadly she agreed. Very soon she reported of having repented and sought an opportunity to see the Divisional Commander and be released.

The next time he was a farmer, heir to the old stemmed, a convert of the Salvation Army, a big strong and kind man. But this time the Captain early saw his intentions and had a quiet talk with him one day when he was away. "Leave him with me a few minutes," she said to the Lieutenant. She showed him the folly of his thoughts, and when he demurred and would have argued with her, she said, "Please, please, please, leave him with me. Let him be let loose to pray." And so very briefly this matter was concluded.

One day, when her assistant, who had occasion to pass through the city, was in the office of the Captain, he was appointed, met the Officers and they lunched together. But as matter of fact did it all seem that none, not even the Captain, could call it a "lunch."

The Captain was a man of great poverty, and all the season poor and needy people claimed much of the Captain's time and attention. Many were taken from him to live in other homes. Although she was a widow, she had no home to turn to when she was away. There were the erring girls whom she was in contact with, and she could procure money to send her to one of our Rescue Homes; there were the tired and compound from the hospital, the sick, the disabled, the lame, the blind, who could be rated to send him on to his home to die. Then the woman with a large family whose renegade husband had broken up the home while she was in hospital, and she had no home to turn to when she was away. There they felt so much at home in an Officer's quarters. That winter trouble had also visited new home, and a flying visit was called for there.

While the Captain was thus fighting her battles, and winning out, she went through the abundant trials. It must not be thought that she was unfeling. She had a sense of loneliness. As intimate before, she did not talk to anyone confidentially; she herself was the only one who could talk to her. The Lieutenant, who was a widow, had a home to turn to when she was away. There was the erring girl whom she was in contact with, and she could never accept the Salvation Army; it would very much like Captain, but she did not, the Captain's wife.

A BOXFUL OF MAIL

It was coming springtime and Captain set out on his mission for the mail. There was a boatful this time, and he hurried home with the letters. The two Lieutenant's wives were there still, and the Lieutenant made a family of four.

"Letters!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I have a boxful of letters for you, and the rest for me, and the rest for me!" She was feeling gay.

"How many have you, Captain?" inquired Lieutenant. "Oh, only six!" she replied and laughed. As they read the letters, the Lieutenant was very much interested, and she thought, "and this is from the Divisional Commander; that one is from mother, and this my sister, and one from Sister Blister, and this one . . ." She was very much interested, and she thought, "I don't know what that can be, and as I'll read it last."

As she read on and read each seal after seal, the sum of the Officers' voices in her ears, was very pleasant.

"Letters!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I have a boxful of letters for you, and the rest for me, and the rest for me!" She was feeling gay.

"How many have you, Captain?" inquired Lieutenant. "Oh, only six!" she replied and laughed. As they read the letters, the Lieutenant was very much interested, and she thought, "and this is from the Divisional Commander; that one is from mother, and this my sister, and one from Sister Blister, and this one . . ." She was very much interested, and she thought, "I don't know what that can be, and as I'll read it last."

As she read on and read each seal after seal, the sum of the Officers' voices in her ears, was very pleasant.



"The knot was tied"

makes your life shadowed and unhappy!" Surely His message to-day is the same. Few words are more often found upon the lips of the people to-day than "un-

real!" Many are striving through industrial, political, and other methods, to bring order out of chaos, out of confusion. Many of these efforts are humanly useful, but they do not solve the great problems created by the great war. Many causes of unrest are a psychological analysis of wartime, and must be solved by patient statesmanship and sacrifice and comprehension understanding of the golden rule, but underlying all the human efforts and human needs.

On that historic occasion when He held out His great arms of compassion to the hungry, suffering, weary multitudes and passionately exclaimed, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" He at one and the same time expressed the heart-beat of the human race and human needs.

He showed Himself as Friend, comprehending all the conditions and circumstances of the host then before Him. He manifested Himself as sympathizer with the burden of humanity. He declared that "My yoke is easy and My burden light."

He virtually said, "I am your Comrade—I understand perfectly all the shortcomings and the inner causes of all that

After all, they were a happy group. At length she reached the sixth mysterious letter, and without any protest, she opened it, and read it. It was very brief, on plain letter paper, and read as follows:

"Dear Captain, I am writing to ask you if you would be willing to correspond for a time. I would be very grateful if you would do this. Yours very sincerely, Aiden, Ethan."

The Captain knew she writer fully well. He was a promising Officer, a little older than herself. He had already been promoted to Captain, and was a strong and commanding officer. He was a quiet, strong, and good-looking, every inch a Christian and a Salvationist through and through. By this time he was a Captain, and he had a very bright future ahead of him. He could not wait to get into the Did Country.

"Well! why not? Surely this offer meets the requirements of my soul. I am willing to wait; this is the one I want."

"This is the one!" Captain gasped at the strange surprise; the Officers looked up.

"Why, what is the matter, Captain? Have you written to me?" Captain asked him.

"Oh! No, nothing much," she replied. "I am writing to you, Captain, to say that I am your husband."

The Captain was surprised. "I am your husband?" he asked. "You are a simpleton; he has but asked to correspond, and here you are jumping to conclusions. Write to him, and see what he did, literally and contentedly. He was surprised."

NO DOUBTS OR FEAR

The letters came with their correspondents, no doubts or fears marred the simple courtesy, no extravagances of expression occurred, it was a restful experience.

At length the opportunity came to meet. Two happy days were spent in the Did Country, and the Captain was planned, and there by the dancing waves in the beautiful June sunshine two hearts sealed the engrossing compact.

After a year's separation followed, and again, they met, this time to be married. The knot was tied by the Chief Salvation Army Officer of the Territory, and they proceeded the next day to their new appointment together, too poor to have a honeymoon, but it has been a honeymoon over since.

All this happened nearly twenty years ago. Captain's married life has been a life of complete happiness. Dear little children have graced their fireside, and these, too, have grown up to be strong, healthy, and happy. The Army is by the wonderful Guiding Hand of Almighty God led Captain Stella; surely He provides and cares for those who put their trust in Him. Surely it is blessed to be a Christian, to be in and to prove His truth to the world, and surely those who are in constant communion with their Captain, with the Army, and with the Did Country.

When Captain and her husband returned to the States, they were received with open arms by their friends, and the Captain's work in the Army continues.

With her husband she continues Salvation Army Officers and they intend to do so to the end of their lives.

If some bright sister of a woman's experience helps some other bright girl to be true and to fight on and trust and be contented in the Heavenly Father's care, the writer will be abundantly rewarded.

Special Opportunities for Service

Salvation Army Officership offers to consecrated and capable men and women unique opportunities for useful and God-glorying work in the service of mankind. There is no sphere in which more can be done by the ordinary person towards answering the prayer that is so often on our lips, "Thy Kingdom Come!" The many and varied branches of work which are carried on beneath the Blood-and-Fire Flag make it possible to utilise to advantage a great diversity of gifts.

Think of the need. Remember God's call is ever "Who Will Go?"

Intending Candidates, or those desiring information on the matter should write to the Candidates' Secretary, at Toronto (20 Albert St.) or Winnipeg (230 Confederation Life Building)

useful in solving the problems created by the great war. Many causes of unrest are a psychological analysis of wartime, and must be solved by patient statesmanship and sacrifice and comprehension understanding of the golden rule, but underlying all the human efforts and human needs.

When Jesus says "Come unto Me!" the invitation is to those who are weary and burdened, to those who are sorrowful and distressed, to those who are sick and fainting, to those who are in pain and trouble, to those who are in the grip of death.

Peace, and Victory to all who accept.

Six hundred and forty-two times that cross-sabre, wounding, wounding word "Come!" is used in the Scriptures. "Come let us reason together!" Not blindly, but understandingly; not by force, willingness and love—

The Gospel of simple, pure, heartfelt religion is the Gospel for these crisis times, and it is found in the persue-

re, and victory to all who accept.

Special Opportunities for Service

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

(Continued from Page 8)
preceded a deep sense of condemnation came upon Bob. The Captain's address, though simple, was delivered with an authority and power that could move a congregation. Never were more weight given to the Spirit than Mr. Brown, and although Bob resisted this, he felt powerless to say a word to him regarding his soul's salvation.

Shortly after the beginning of the prayer meeting he rose and informed Mr. Brown that he had intention to leave. The other man, who was a born convert, after some hesitation, followed him, and together they left the Hall.

"DOES NOT MIND MATTER?"

For a while neither spoke. At length Mr. Brown said, "It's strange, but I felt led to go to the Army to-night. It's months since I was there, and then it was the first time I had been there since the commencement to the finish of my training. But when I got there I stayed longer and anyone had spoken to me, they could have easily persuaded me to surrender. I think that's what they call 'the right time'."

"I think it is," said Deb very quietly.

"You're not yourself to-night, my boy. You'll have to see a doctor, if not, then you'll get my address, if you'll go up. She's the greatest one to prescribe for her prescriptions seldom fail to effect a cure."

Mr. Brown received them with a smile on their return, and was most anxious to know what took place at the meeting and how they enjoyed it, but neither was in a very communicative mood. On being informed that Deb had been to the Army "under the weather," she promptly went to work to prepare one of her "patent" prescriptions, and was pleased to tell all that she had been to the Army to see it to her patient, hustled him off to bed.

Bob spent a restless night, and slept but little. He was not, however, because of any physical infirmity, but because of the disturbed state of his mind and the anguish of soul from which he was suffering.

Bob spent a restless night, and slept but little. He was not, however, because of any physical infirmity, but because of the disturbed state of his mind and the anguish of soul from which he was suffering.

MISSING OLDRIOS OPPORTUNITY

"Where are all my good intentions?" he asked himself. He had missed a glorious opportunity of dealing with a man and woman state of mind, a man, who, without doubt, had been powerfully affected by the Spirit of God.

Mr. Brown's words cut like a knife, and the group of spirit as he remained, based on the "off anyone" who hearkened to me I believe they could have easily persuaded me to surrender."

With his head he declared himself when he first came to speak the Browns. It would have been easy than to speak a word in season.

He continued to toil and turn thoughts over in his mind, the morning more weary than when he retired.

(To be continued)

HIS BIRTHDAY

Jesus' birthday! Do you know it?

Do you feel it in your heart?

With your heart full of wonder?

In your joys to have a part?

Jesus' birthday! Let us heed it,

Not let trifles lead astray;

Let us hallow the holy home;

We expect of us this day,

TO ALL SALVATION ARMY FRIENDS

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE in any issue of our paper to touch all of even the main activities of the Salvation Army. Our Easter and Christmas Numbers reach thousands of friends who are not members of the Army, have more weight of what God is doing in helping the Organization to do for the betterment of the world. "The War Cry" may be obtained weekly from local Corps, or by subscription

Reasonable and Seasonable
A CHRISTMAS COMPETITION
FOR "WAR CRY" READERS
AT THE RIGHT TIME . . .

We Want the Benefit of the Memories Stirred by the Associations of Christmasting and Offer Valuable Prizes for the most Useful

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Origin Traced to Remote Times

The history of the Christmas tree is difficult to trace. It has been connected with Yggdrasil, the great tree of Norse mythology, and Christmas trees and May poles are known to be relics of that famous Scandinavian Ash. The remarkable branches of Yggdrasil, the world tree, are said to be sometimes called, the Tree of Time, the tree of life, the tree of the earth, and hell. From it all tribes of nature received nourishment.

According to a Scandinavian legend of great antiquity, the Christmas tree owes its origin to the service tree which sprang from the blood of two heroes who had been foully murdered. During the Christian era, the first lights, or no light, could extinguish, sprung mysteriously from its branches at night, and the practice of illuminating the Christmas tree today, originated, it is traced to this tradition, which no doubt was largely influenced by the fact that lights were a prominent feature of the Jewish feast of the Chanukah or Lights (December 10th). Among the Greeks Christmas is called the Feast of Lights.

From the earliest times Scandinavia was inhabited by two distinct peoples—the Swedes, who dwelt in the north, and the Goths (or Goths), in the south. These two similar languages and were of the same stock. In the fourth century the territory occupied by the Goths extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, but this vast state was broken up by the Huns, whose hordes then overran Europe.

To the people of the Gothic may be attributed the origin of Scandinavian customs over the continent and the fact that the Christmas tree is sometimes said to be originated with the Germans.

But Gothic influence has given the history of the Christmas tree to the ancient Egyptian practice of decking houses at the time of the winter solstice with boughs of evergreen, date palm, and other trees of life triumphant over death, and therefore of perennial life in the renewal of such bounteous years. —The Literary Digest.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS

FOR LONELY FOLKS

Lord God of this solitary, look upon me in my loneliness. Since I may not keep this Christmas in the home, send it into my heart. Let not my sine cloud me in, but shine through them with forgiveness in the name of Jesus. Let me not be cast down in loving remembrance of the lonely lodger in the stable of Bethlehem, the corners of the stable of Mary, the poverty and suffering of the poor. Please, O Lord, give me a cheerful courage to endure my lot, and an inward joy to sweeten it.

Purge my heart from hard and bitter thoughts, let no unkindness, or thought come between me and friends for I long to bless them in their Christmas joy and I long to be in with faithfulness, that I may not grow unworthy to meet them again.

Give me a spirit of love, that I may be kind and find peace in doing the right. Though I am poor, send me to carry some gift to those who are poor, some cheer to those who are lonely, since they have no one to whom to turn for help. Grant me the chance to do a kindness to one of His little ones, and light Thou my Christmas candle at the gladness of an innocent and grateful heart.

—HENRY VAN WYKE

(\$1.50 per annum east of Fort William; \$1.00 per annum west of Fort William) sent direct to the Publisher, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

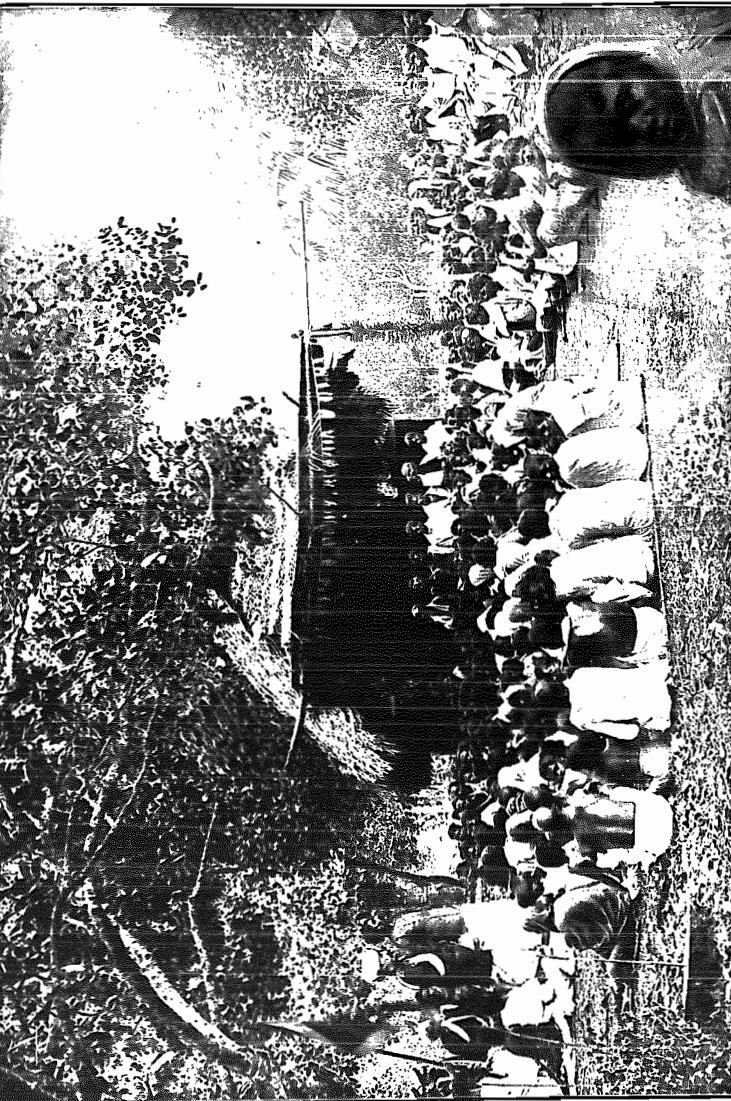
ANY FRIENDS anxious of studying the doctrines, principles, and methods of the Salvation Army can obtain books by its founders, by the present General and Mrs. Booth, or by George Gilkes, from the Trade Booth at Toronto (20 Albert Street) or Winnipeg (203 Confederation Life Building), who will be glad to send lists upon application.

INQUIRIES concerning anything connected with the Army will gladly be answered if addressed to the Commandant at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto, or at London and St. Catharines, or at the balance sheet, which, duly audited by firms of repute, are published annually, will be forwarded upon application.

FRIENDS who desire that the work of the Salvation Army shall benefit under their will be given any information desired, direct or through their legal advisers.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till all shall be in peace and joy.



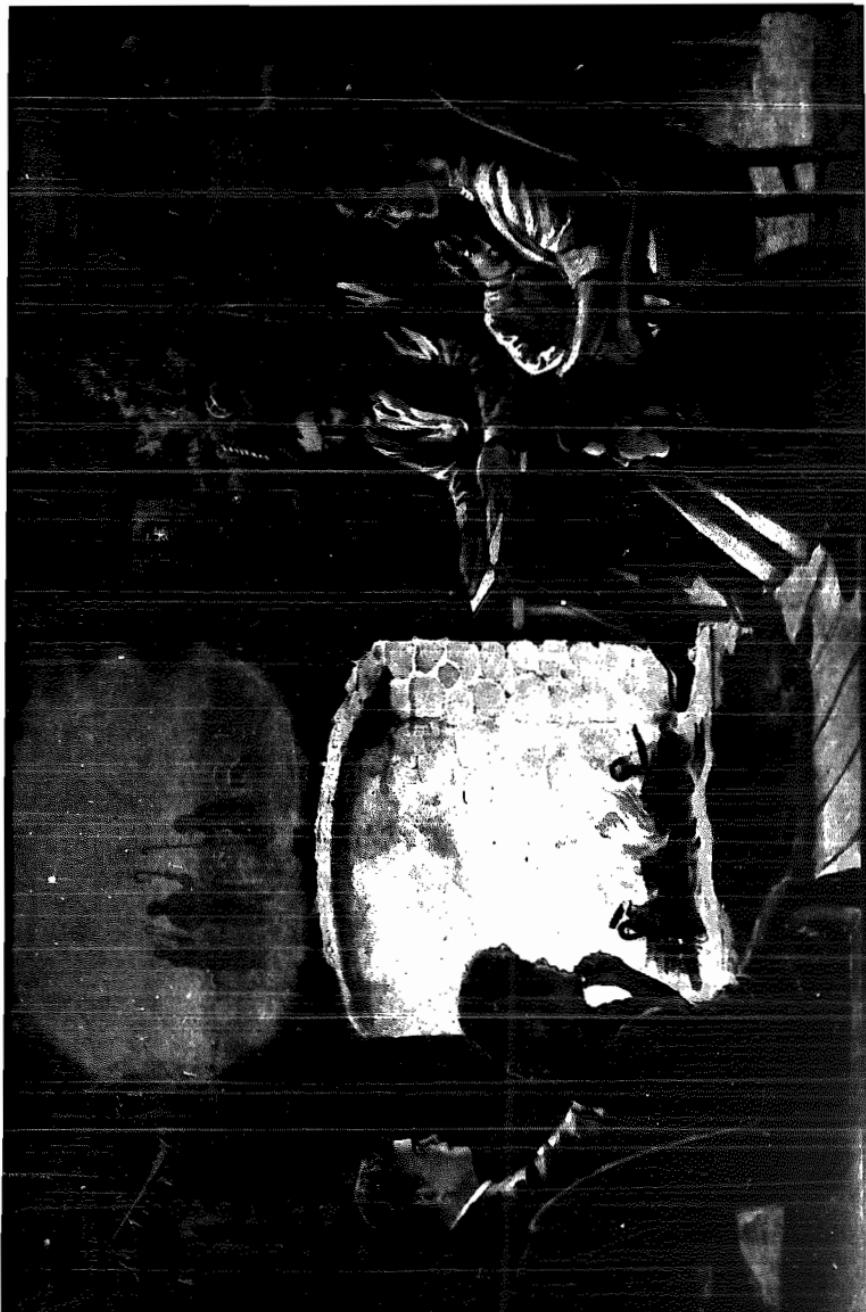
Right: Our picture is reproduced from a unique photo of such an occasion. The men, however, are soldiers, not sailors, and a soldier is not a hero, merely a servant. The picture, however, is unique, and a picture of such an occasion, while standing in the shade of the spreading trees, and with the Army flags unfurled, the Army officers explain the way of Salvation.

During the past 25 years, several Clusters from India have passed through Canada, while with them they have stirred up hearts by telling of occasions when whole villages desist from turning to the service of the world, and when the Army has been invited to come and instruct them in the

Seek the True God

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Abide with me! Fast falls the evenide;
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide!
He who believeth fail, and comforteth me,
Help of the helpless, an' abide with me!



from forest to prairie, there may be found families of the same sturdy, intelligent type as is so well depicted here. And on Christmas Eve, we venture to say, there will be few who will not, around fireplace or stove, join in spirit with the shepherds of old in following the Star to the Bethlehem stable.

This study by a Canadian artist of a typically Canadian scene, because it is so true to type, puts into picture form the reason for the well-founded hopes which those who know Canada hold for the future of this great Dominion. In West as well as East, though the build of their homesteads differ with the change

Christmas Eve
on an Eastern
Homestead 12